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Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Translated for this Journal from the *Zeitung of Cologne*.

IX.

Does SPOHR still play the violin much? asked ROSSINI one day.

—He still plays splendidly, but only in small circles, I replied.

—I lament that I never had the pleasure of hearing him, said the *maestro*. FESTA, in Naples, who was quite distinguished in quartet especially, always spoke of him to me with the greatest enthusiasm, and said that he owed the best that he could do to Spohr. He had not been his pupil exactly, but had had much intercourse with him in Naples. He was never weary of celebrating his large tone, his grandiose delivery.

—No one probably has gone beyond him in that regard, said I. But you have heard PAGANINI a great deal, *maestro*?

—For many years he was almost continually near me. He declared that he followed my star, as he called it, and I was scarcely in a place, that he did not come after me. He sat whole days and nights with me, while I composed.

—Was he interesting also in conversation?

—He was full of original suggestions; a rare fellow. But what a talent!

—A genius!

—One should hear him play at sight! He took in half a page at a glance. You know the story of him and LAFONT in Milan?

—It was frequently referred to in the newspapers, but....

—I was present at the time, Rossini interrupted. Lafont came to Milan, prepossessed with the idea that Paganini was a sort of charlatan, and he proposed to make short work with him. So he

invited him to play something with him in his concert in La Scala. Paganini came to me and asked me if he had better accept this invitation. "You must do so," said I, "in order that he may not believe that you have not the courage to measure yourself with him." Lafont sent to him the solo part; but Paganini would know nothing of it, and thought the orchestra rehearsal was sufficient. At that he played his part very smoothly and fairly through at sight. But in the evening he repeated the variations, which Lafont had to play before him, in octaves, thirds, sixths, so that the poor Frenchman was extremely confused, and did not play as well as he was able. I rallied Paganini for this want of musical loyalty, but he laughed in his beard. Lafont nevertheless rode back to Paris in a rage, and Paganini passed there for a charlatan, until at length he taught the Parisians to know better.

—Is it true, I asked, that he had formerly a fuller tone, and played on thicker strings?

—The greater the difficulties he undertook in the way of carrying on several parts at once, replied Rossini, the thinner had to be his strings; besides, he was no longer in the full vigor of youth when he went abroad, and so there may be some truth in the assertion. What always most astonished me in him, was the alternation of excitement and repose, of which he was capable, when he passed from the most impassioned *cantabile* to the boldest difficulties. Then he would become suddenly rigid as an automaton; I almost believe that he grew physically cold.

—Of the many strange adventures, related of his early life, is even the smallest part true? I asked.

—No: he was for a long time established at the court of prince Bacciocchi, and afterwards went about Italy, giving concerts. He could not have grown rich by it; Italy is not the land for that.

—And he was extravagantly fond of money, as they say.

—His avarice was as great as his talent, and that is saying not a little. When he was earning his thousands in Paris, he would go with his son into a restaurant at two francs, order one dinner for the two, and carry home a pear and a piece of bread for his boy's breakfast. He had a singular desire to become a baron, and he found in Germany a man who helped him to attain his end, but charged him a round sum for it. From mortification and disgust he fell sick, and continued in that state a month.

—And yet he made BERLIOZ a right royal gift, suggested I.

All Paris knows it, said Rossini, shrugging his shoulders; I must believe it, and yet at bottom I hold it to be impossible.

—There are so many wonders, dear *maestro*, that it matters not about one more or less. Is it not one of the greatest, that you have written nothing more these two and twenty years? What do you do with all the musical thoughts, which must be humming through your head?

—You joke, said the *maestro*, laughing.

—Indeed I do not;—how can you exist without composing?

—Without the occasion, without the prompting, without the determinate purpose to create a determinate work! I did not need much to excite me to composition, as my opera-books bear witness—yet I needed something.

—You have indeed often contented yourself with a very indifferent text, said I.

—If it had been only that! exclaimed Rossini. In Italy I never had a text-book ready made, when I began to write; I composed the introduction, before the words to the following number were written. And how often I have had for poets people who wrote indeed not badly, but had no idea of the requirements of the musician. I had to work *with* them, instead of having them work for me.

—That was not without its advantages, *maestro*!

—True, if I had not always had to write in haste! When I was established with BARBAJA in Naples, I had to bother myself about everything connected with the opera, to watch over all the rehearsals. Barbaja paid no bill, which I had not approved—and besides that, I had bound myself to write two operas every year.

—And did write four, I interposed.

—I had sometimes a leave of absence, of which I availed myself; my whole salary amounted only to 8,000 francs. To be sure, I lived in Barbaja's house, and had no housekeeping to provide for.

—Barbaja must have been a genial man in his way.

—He managed his business with a certain largeness, and made it his peculiar pride to have the best possible opera. And he succeeded too, although at considerable pecuniary sacrifices. But he could easily bear them, since as farmer of the public games he earned enormous sums. His misfortune was his extraordinary irritability and his vanity. He thought that he knew best about everything himself, by which means he offended most men. His buildings swallowed up immeasurable sums for him, and he left his son at last only a million.

—Only *one* million! said I, sorrowfully.

—He might have left him a dozen, answered the *maestro*.

—Verily then, one must drop a tear of sympathy for him.

—What a splendid orchestra there was then

in San Carlo! exclaimed Rossini. Festa, of whom I spoke just now, was an eminent director. The orchestra at that time in Naples was, next to the Grand Opera in Paris, the best I ever found in any theatre.

—The latter is still always excellent, said I; but I have never had a deep impression of it in regard to *power*.

—The house is too large, answered the maestro; I am especially shy of those altogether too large houses—they kill all. The influence of locality has not been highly enough estimated. Transplant the orchestra of the Conservatoire with all its splendor into the Opera—you will not recognize it.

—Let us transplant ourselves, dear maestro, into the salon; where our wives are impatiently expecting us, said I, breaking off the conversation. If we linger here much longer, we shall get a scolding.

—Eh bien, allons!

[To be continued.]

Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FORKEL.
(Continued from p. 91)

II.—*Pieces for the Clavichord, with accompaniments for other instruments.*

1. Six sonatas for the clavichord, with accompaniment for the violin obligato. These were composed at Cothen, and may be ranked among Bach's first master-pieces of the kind. They are fugued throughout; there are also some canons for the clavichord and violin, which are extremely flowing and characteristic. The violin part must be performed by a master hand. Bach well knew the powers of that instrument, and exercised them as fully as he did those of the clavichord. The following are keys in which these six sonatas are composed: B minor, A major, E major, C minor, F minor, and G major.

2. Many single sonatas for the harpsichord, with accompaniments for the violin, flute, viola da gamba, &c. All such admirable compositions as would be heard with pleasure by connoisseurs even in our own days.

3. Concertos for the harpsichord, with accompaniments for many instruments. They are in themselves a treasury of Art, but notwithstanding are somewhat antiquated in regard to their form and arrangements.

4. Two concertos for two clavichords, with accompaniments for two violins, viola, and violoncello. The first is rather antiquated, but the second as modern as if it had been composed but yesterday. It may be performed entirely without the stringed instruments, and has even so an admirable effect. The last allegro is a regular fugue and a splendid one. Bach was the first to perfect, perhaps even to originate this kind of composition; I have at least met with but one single attempt of a composer which may be of older date, and that was made by one William Hieronymus Pachelbel, at Nuremberg, in what is called a *toccata*. But firstly it may be observed that Pachelbel was a contemporary of Bach's, and therefore in making this trial may but have followed his example; and secondly that his success was so imperfect that it scarcely merits to be taken account of, each instrument merely repeating what the preceding has played, without at all being concertante. It seems as if Bach, at this time, was ambitious to do everything that could be done both with many and with few parts. As he sometimes descended to music in one part, in which was found compressed together everything that could render it complete; so he here ascended to a combination of as many instruments as possible, and each of great compass. He proceeded from his concertos for two clavichords to—

5. Two concertos for three clavichords, with an accompaniment for four stringed instruments. In these pieces it is to be remarked, that besides

the harmonical combination and uninterrupted concentration of the three principal instruments, there is also a separate concentration between the stringed instruments, notwithstanding their performance of the accompaniment. It is scarcely possible fully to appreciate the art bestowed on this work; and if we remember, moreover, that these elaborate works of Art are, notwithstanding, as marked and expressive as if the composer had had but the management of one simple melody, which is particularly the case with the concerto in D minor, we can scarcely find terms to express our admiration. Yet even this did not satisfy Bach, and he made an attempt at—

6. A concerto for four clavichords, accompanied by four stringed instruments. I cannot speak as to the effect of this concerto, as I have never been able to bring together four instruments and four players to perform it. But that it is an admirable composition may be seen by a comparison of the single parts.

III.—*Compositions for the Organ.*

The pedal is an essential part of the organ: this alone exalts it above all other instruments, and gives it grandeur, power, and magnificence. Take from it its pedal, and this great instrument is no longer great. It becomes then no better than one of those little organs which in Germany are called *positives*, which are valueless in the eyes of true judges. But the great organ provided with a pedal must, in order to the due appreciation of its powers, be so managed as that its whole compass shall be brought into action, and that both the composer and the player shall call forth all its capabilities. This no one has ever better achieved than Sebastian Bach, not only by a rich harmony well adapted to the instrument, but also by adapting to the pedal a part of its own; and this he did in some degree even in his earlier compositions, though in course of time he attained to a more perfect management of the pedal, and therefore his master-pieces for the organ were produced about the same period with these for the clavichord. As soon as a master begins to distinguish himself every one is eager to obtain a specimen of his art, and it consequently happens that before he has attained to his greatest excellence the public curiosity concerning him is satiated, especially if he chance to have outstript their ideas. This seems to have been the case with Bach; his maturer works are far less known than his preparatory labors. But as these last cannot properly be received into a critically correct edition of his works, I have passed them over, and merely, as heretofore, noticed such as are worthy to be so received. These may be divided into three classes, containing:—

1. Grand preludes and fugues, with pedal obligato, of which there are supposed to be a dozen. I, at least, with all my long and careful researches, have not been able to discover more, and the themes of these I will here set down, and to these I have added a very ingeniously composed *passacaglia*, which is, however, for two clavichords and pedal rather than for an organ.

2. Preludes on the melodies of several choral hymns. Even while he was at Arnstadt, Bach began to compose such pieces with variations, under the title of *Partite diverse*. Most of these might be played by the hands only, but those of which I am now speaking absolutely require the obligato pedal. There may be, perhaps, a hundred of these; for I myself possess upwards of seventy, and know that here and there are scattered many more. Nothing can be more solemn, dignified, and devout than these preludes; but they are too numerous to be noted here. Besides these there are a great number of shorter and easier ones, which are also widely diffused in manuscript copies, and are designed for young organists.

3. Six sonatas or trios, for two sets of keys and an obligato pedal. Bach wrote them for his eldest son, W. Friedemann, whom they contributed to make the great player he afterwards became. They are inexpressibly beautiful, and being written when the author was in his full vigor and maturity, may be considered as his best

work of this description. Some others, written by different hands, may also be considered good, but not certainly equal to those first named.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Signor Masoni.

FROM THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF THE LATE MR. BROWN.

(A FANTASY PIECE)

Are other people as much troubled as I am by the sight of faces, which they think they ought to know, but cannot by any effort tell why? cannot recall when or where they have seen them before? I suppose, phrenologically speaking, the extent of this annoyance in my case is owing to a very great development of the perceptive over the other mental faculties. A face catches my eye, at church or in a concert. It disturbs me until the exercises are over, for my thoughts will dwell upon it, and yet the chances are that the person is one with whom on some occasion I have ridden a few miles upon the rail-road; perhaps I have met him recently in society—and just as likely, I may have known him years ago familiarly. When I first went to Leipzig in the year 1848, I met such a person, as I was crossing the open place between the University and the Post-office. He was a young man, singularly beautiful, but of a manly, noble beauty, a little above middle size, elegantly though not richly dressed, and one whose dark hair and eyes spoke of Italy. His prepossessing appearance first caught my eye, and then came the feeling that I either had known him or seen him under circumstances fitted to impress his memory strongly upon me. Each time I met him, whether in the street, at the opera, or in the concert room, the impression was strengthened, until I quite disliked to meet him.

One day during the Christmas holidays a party of the American, with a few German and English musical students, too far from home to assemble round the Christmas tree, were taking coffee at Fetsche's after dinner, when the conversation naturally turned upon home, the festivities of the season, and the different regard in which the Americans, to whom it is no national festival, hold Christmas, from the English and Germans.

"For my part," said Smith, the Englishman, "I had rather be at home two days now than a month at any other season."

"Ach! how much I should like to be in Königsberg," interrupted his German namesake, Schmidt.

"We descendants of the Puritans in America," said I, "have none of these feelings about Christmas, but oh! I would give a year's life to recall my family from their graves, and sit with father and mother, with brother and sister, once more at the abundant table of a New England Thanksgiving!"

"What is that?" asked several voices.

"It is simply an annual festival of the North-eastern American States, lasting one day, with religious services expressive of the public gratitude for the bounties of harvest, and closing with a family feast and merry-making. The custom is now more than two hundred years old, and thoroughly incorporated into our New England life."

"There goes a poor fellow over the way," said Wenzler, one of the oldest of the German students, "who always wears a funeral face at Christmas. I should like to know what it means."

It was the man whose face had so haunted me. "Who is that?" asked I eagerly.

"He? Signor MASONI, the violinist," said Wilkins. I wish, Brown, you could hear him play. It is astonishing! But he is a queer fellow. He comes up into my room sometimes and plays so that I cannot get over the effect for a week. How he does it—what there is in his playing, which takes such hold of me, I am sure I cannot tell. But so it is."

"But can you tell me nothing about him? His face has haunted me for a month past. I am sure I must have known him somewhere; and yet perhaps not. I met a man once at an out-of-the-way place on our great Lake Superior, who was sure he had known me before, and I was equally sure that he was an old acquaintance of mine; but we could not make out that we had ever been within a hundred and fifty miles of each other!"

"Ask Wenzler; he knows more about him than any other one of us," said Wilkins.

"It is now about five years," said Wenzler, "since Father Gutmann, an old German music teacher, came here from Paris, after long wanderings in Italy, France, England, America, and nobody knows where all, bringing the young man with him. Some said he was his son, though the old man was never married—others that he had found him in very poor circumstances, and was so struck with the young fellow's genius as to adopt him and finally bring him to Leipzig to put him under Mendelssohn, having first taught him all he knew of music. His genius and talents are truly marvellous—particularly as a violinist. There is nothing which he cannot play. The most difficult violin sonatas of Bach, his chaconnes and violin fugues, he plays with just as much ease as the fantasias and romances of De Beriot and Mayseder. The only violinist that can compare with him is young Joachim."

"Is he a pupil of the Conservatory?"

"No; Mendelssohn, after giving him a thorough examination, advised Father Gutmann to employ the very best instructors possible, and have him taught under his own eye. Nobody ever worked so hard; not in music alone, but in all sorts of studies, to make up for a deficient early education. The old man was obliged to force him to take the necessary exercise and relaxation."

"But why do you call him Signor?"

"O, the title gradually fixed itself upon him, I suppose owing to the cast of his features, and as we gradually became familiar with him, we came to calling him so to his face. It is noteworthy that he never talks about himself, never refers to his early life. He is one of the best-hearted fellows in the world—there is but one thing that ever starts him off his balance, and that is saying a word against Father Gutmann. He will never hear a word even against the old man's Art—and Heaven knows, Gutmann's music is odd enough! They say he lived a long time in an American log house in the forest all alone, that he might hear no music but that of nature, and write accordingly. It is a fact, though, that some of his music, when Masoni plays it, has a most singularly powerful effect of some kind. Whether the old man brought him from that log house, nobody knows."

"Strange, strange that his face is so familiar to me, and it is quite impossible for me ever to have seen him! He bears probably a striking resemblance to some long forgotten acquaintance of academy or college days. But go on."

"Smith and Wilkins both think English is his mother tongue, though he has some peculiarities of speech."

"Yes," said Smith, "slight peculiarities, which are neither cockney nor provincial—I supposed them American."

"They are not American, so far as my experience goes, nor such as I have heard as prevailing at the West," said Wilkins. "But he has greatly changed since Father Gutmann died."

"When did he die?"

"A little more than a year since; but that event did not cut off his kindness to Masoni; for having no kith or kin, he made him by will heir to his little property of four or five thousand thalers. Down to that time Masoni had lived but to work; but the death—rather sudden—of his guardian father, parent by adoption, or whatever he was, almost killed him, and he has never taken to study again as before. After Mendelssohn died there was no longer any one here to whom he really looked up as to a great artist, and the loss of Father Gutmann seems to have left him with no spur to exertion. He no longer mingles in our society as much as formerly, and when he is with us he is quite another man. He seems to be ever brooding over something; to be out of his element; to need some one to lean upon and look up to. In fact none of us can quite make him out."

"It is an odd story," returned I. "So you don't see much of him?"

"Not much. Smith called upon him the other day." "Yes," said Smith, "and he played for half an hour like a young devil. He puzzles me as much as he does all the rest. Sometimes he is as proud as a lord, then again the best fellow in the world and occasionally as humble as a slave."

"Well," said I, "I must make his acquaintance, if I can, if for no other reason than to free myself from being so haunted by his face."

"There will be no difficulty in that," said Smith, and the conversation turned.

I soon made the desired acquaintance, and as I took care not to press upon any tender spot, never sought to intrude upon any secret he might have, and moreover as it was in my power to impart various information, which he eagerly acquired, Masoni quite attached himself to me.

Something evidently weighed upon his mind. It showed itself, however, mainly in a want of self-confidence and reliance upon the result of his own observations and reflections; as though he distrusted his own judgment, or was fearful of exposing ignorance even upon topics with which in fact he was familiar. He seemed generally to shrink from observation, but when excited and led to rely upon his own strength, he often astonished us by the depth and clearness of his thoughts. At times I was reminded of men who have begun late to study, and whose college course has not been sufficient to fully ground them in that wide-spread range of scientific and literary knowledge necessary to the finished scholar. This however was to be expected after what I had been told of his history. Besides this, I could see in him that peculiarity of demeanor which belongs to very sensitive persons, who do not feel sure of their social position; as if they were inclosed by a thin stratum of a repellant atmosphere, with which they involuntarily surround themselves and which is to them a source

of real misery in itself, as well as because it prevents a free and hearty intercourse with others. As I became more and more acquainted with him the conviction that I had seen him before strengthened. But all efforts to solve the mystery proving futile, I contented myself with the reflection that time would wear away the feeling or that some accident would reveal the secret.

Of his violin playing I had not heard too much. It was truly extraordinary, and this not so much because of the remarkable degree of perfection which he had reached in the technics of the art, as on account of the soul which he infused into it. Sometimes of an evening, when half a dozen of us were together, for he now was again much in our society, and the conversation flagged, we would ask him to play; turning the lamps down to a half twilight, he would give us an hour's music, frequently of a most heterogeneous succession of pieces, but invariably leaving us in a singularly pensive mood, so that we would quietly take our hats the moment he ended, and with a simple "good night," go away.

I encouraged him to begin again in earnest to work, especially in the cultivation of his mind, and gave him three or four hours a week of instruction in branches of knowledge in which he was deficient; or rather, I should say, in reducing what he had evidently learned in haste—"crammed," as the college phrase is—to order and method. It was a curious study to me to mark what a mass of undigested book learning he had collected and stowed away in his memory, and this soon led me to set him to reading some of the better works of fiction of the day, requiring him to note allusions to other books, as well as to scientific and historical facts, for discussion and explanation at our hours of study. We found Dickens almost valueless in this respect, for one seems to have all his library at command after reading "Mother Goose's Melodies," "The Arabian Nights," "Jack the Giant-killer," and a few other works of like character. On the other hand, Bulwer proved eminently serviceable. I know no author whose romances pre-suppose so extensive a knowledge of literature on the part of the reader. "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Eugene Aram," "Maltravers" and "Alice" gave us topics of conversation for many weeks. I put him also into Shakspeare, and though he was rather hard reading for him at first, he soon became deeply interested, and before we parted in the Spring he had formed quite a little library of works, which would enable him to pursue the study of the Great Poet with advantage. Four months wrought wonders with Masoni.

There were moments when he seemed on the point of telling me his history, and yet whenever this was the case he would suddenly shrink back, as if afraid of the effect of what he might say upon me. I would not have it thought I had systematically cultivated his acquaintance for the purpose of robbing him of his secret. God forbid! I had come to cherish a deep affection for him; an affection deeply and gratefully returned.

"What is it, Masoni? What troubles you so?" said I once to him with a smile, as a certain expression, now familiar to me, passed over his features. He gave me a half-frightened look, and after a moment's hesitation answered, "nothing."

Before leaving Leipzig I talked with him seriously about his prospects and the necessity of

his doing something. In closing a conversation, I asked: "Why do you not appear in public? With your genius and acquirements you could at once win fame."

"I cannot! I cannot!" said he, "I tried it once. I had long and carefully prepared myself, but when I came forward and saw the crowd of upturned faces, and all eyes directed to me, I was seized with what the actors call "stage fright" and almost fainted. I suppose I must have played decidedly well, but it was all a hideous nightmare to me, and I remember nothing of it at all, except that crowd of faces seeming to spread out into infinity, and at last a burst of applause, as I fled. I never think of appearing in public as a virtuoso without a shudder!"

"I know that horrible feeling, too, Masoni; I was once engaged to speak in public, and wrought myself into a state of such nervous excitement in preparation, that I became dumb before my audience; and since that, fever can appal me in its delirium by no other such horrible picture as when it recalls that scene. I sympathize with you too much to urge you to any such step at present. But do you do something, and not use up the small legacy left you by Father Gutmann. You are no longer a student, but a man, a master. Enter some orchestra; give lessons; compose; go into society; improve all your spare moments in cultivating your mind, and drive out the evil spirit within you."

A day or two after, at the railroad station, he referred to our conversation.

"Brown, I have been thinking much of your advice."

"And you will follow it?"

"I will!"

He gave me his hand upon it. "Adieu! adieu! God bless you!" and I was away for Vienna.

(To be continued.)

THE OPERA IN PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, in his letter of Oct. 11, thus contrasts the two leading opera-houses of the great gay city:

What a strange place is the Italian Opera House of Paris! A few streets—a stone's throw from one to the other—separates it from the Grand Opera; but how widely they differ! I do not now speak of the music, although much may be said on that point, nor the "getting up," nor of the stage; I allude to the audiences alone. The frequenters of the Grand Opera are the rich men about the town, folks who care for, but do not disturb themselves with being reckoned among the aristocracy; who know the age in which they live, and that the money-bag outweighs the genealogical tree, let the trunk be never so venerable and the pendent fruit never so sparkling with coronets; who love music, but adore the fine scenery, splendid costumes and pretty ballet girls; who love expense, as a friendly barrier between them and the unmoneyed many; who doat on good dinners, and are delighted with *parties fines* in some cosy, discreet, private room of the Maison Dorée or Philippe's, with a dancing girl on the same side of the table; who, out of gratitude, like to discuss 'Change even in their pleasures; and what is the Grand Opera but a huge chapel of ease to the great temple of Mammon erected—Place de la Bourse! Stock-brokers abound there as thick as they are in the *corbeille* between 1 and 3 o'clock; it is the chief haunt of the unlicensed brokers, those jackals of the lions of the law; there bankers disport after critical 3; news is borne thither by the superior clerks of all the ministries.

If the Grand Opera is the Chaussée d'Antin,

the Italian Opera is the Faubourg Saint Germain of Paris. It is too intimately connected with the noble faubourg not to have shared the vicissitudes of the latter's fortune. It's hey-day, too, has passed away. Time has scattered more than one wild flower on it; more than one noble box has changed hands; more than one glorious name has faded away forever. For all that, the perfume of aristocracy still lingers around this opera house; princes and dukes still head its subscription list; coldness reigns over the *salle*, even applause scarcely rises above the approving murmur. Garish splendor need not be looked for there; the music is all that can be desired, and if that be fine, it matters little if the scenes are faded and the costumes wan. *Tant pis!* You know the reason the cigar enjoys so much favor: it is not so much that men like its flavor (who can recall without a shudder his terrible apprenticeship to it) or delight in its fumes, but it is such an excellent pastime, it is such a good lubricant for the odds and ends of the hours, for the stupid pauses in conversation; it is so good a shroud for dullness, men undergo the horrid noviciate and think they have purchased their initiation cheaply. Music and scenery at the Italian Opera are mere lubricants, destined to efface the disagreeable friction of the tagged points of time and conversation, which ennui and stupidity are always forming. People go there to see and be seen, to talk and be talked about; if the strains of Mozart, Rossini and Bellini accompany these glances and gossip, *tant mieux!* They are easily bored, these great ones of the earth, whom fortune overwhelmed with all her gifts in their unconscious cradle, and has so pampered since, they enjoy nothing, and have reached the unenviable condition of the spoilt and the down-trodden children of fortune—(extremes meet;) they are easily annoyed, and hard to be pleased.

The frequenters of the Italian Opera go there to see the theatre; they scarcely glance on the stage unless Julia Grisi is there with her nightingale voice, or Mario warbles his amorous descant, or Rubini and Tamburini wrestle with noble emulation in their famous: *Parlar, spiegar non posso*. Has Madame la Marquise a new set of diamonds this year; does she wear her dress as low as ever? Is the Duke still as attentive to the Countess as he was last year? Who are those strangers in the Russian Ambassador's box? Has the Baron readily given up his box in the first tier; is it true then he has played and lost on 'Change? Such are the whispers which fly over the theatre when the loggionette is busy all the evening peering with its scrutinizing glances into every box and every toilette.

This coldness of the audience is very oppressive to the artists. They need encouragement always, and especially at their débuts. The well sustained, repeated round of applause is the best spur which can be put upon them, for these sensitive children of Art shrivel discouraged into their cells at the slightest mark of censure. These polished but cold audiences have no mercy beneath their diamonds and silks. The successful are not rewarded by them—have not they paid their subscription money?—the miscarried meet with no sympathy from them, they have paid to be amused. A début, consequently, at this theatre is always a "scene;" for the poor player, frightened out of his composure by the chilling reception, invariably stumbles more or less and throws his comrades and the orchestra into confusion.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 26.—One cannot well attend three different places in the same evening; consequently on Thursday last I had to make a choice. At the Tabernacle, the united German Societies gathered under CARL BERGMANN; this was a promise of something good so far as lay in the power of the materials gathered together; and besides a new Cantata of some length was to be performed.—Higher up Broadway, that sweet vocalist, whom Dr. BEAMES has had under training, Miss MARIA S.

BRAINERD, was to give her first Concert in New York at Niblo's Saloon. Miss Brainerd is a general favorite, has a pleasing voice and good methods; heretofore she has only sung in New York for the benefit of others and now that she appeared for her own, all her friends should have been present. But Dodsworth's was higher up town and consequently more accessible to a resident above Union Square; then too, GOTTSCHALK gave there his first Soirée, and made his first appearance for many months. Gottschalk and Dodsworth's carried the day.

Mr. GOTTSCHALK was assisted by MESSRS. KARL WELS, RICHARD HOFFMAN and JOSEPH BURKE. With Mr. Wels he played a fantasia for two pianos upon opera themes; it was like all other fantasias of a few years back; well known melodies culled out from their proper settings, and presented with ornaments of all kinds, but no genuine amplification or illustration. There is a wide difference in point of musical thought, I take it, between LISZT's *Lucia* fantasia, for example, and his illustrations of the *Prophète* or of "Midsummer Night's Dream."—With Hoffmann, Gottschalk gave a very long, pretty, but uninteresting Sonata for four hands, by ONSLOW. With Mr. Burke, whose violin holds all the genuine humor so common among that artist's countrymen, he played a Sonata by MOZART. The rest of the programme was made up of the concert-giver's own compositions; so, you see, there was not one piece a test of the artist. Any pianist of now-a-days can play Mozart or Onslow, and shine brilliantly in the performance of his own works. I have no doubt but Gottschalk would satisfy the musician as well as the public, if he would include something more classic in his programmes; he may depend upon it, the fame acquired by merely tickling the ear for an hour or so is not the most lasting. He is really a most brilliant and capable pianist, and a true artist, also; his touch is nervous, and his execution very perfect and clear; his compositions are pretty, pleasing also, and often quite characteristic, but they seem to lack intention; there is nothing in them of farther reach than the tympanum of the ear.

Of the pieces performed at this first soirée his "Banjo" and a *Marche de Nuit* pleased me best. The latter is a quiet, pleasant idyl; poetic, graceful and by no means difficult; it is to be published, I understand, (or is already), and will be very acceptable in the drawing room. His "Banjo" you of course know already.

At the first soirée the hall was literally jammed, and the audience were well pleased and repeatedly enthusiastic in their applause. A second soirée is announced for Friday evening, and I understand there is to be a series.

At the Academy of Music we are having the "last nights" of the season; Mlle. NANTIER-DIDIEE has twice appeared in *La Favorita*, and not to the increase of her reputation. In fact, the whole opera, with the exception of MORELLI's part, was very badly done. It is a shame that so excellent an orchestra as the one they have should be so *mis-led* as they are. What excellent accompaniments they would give us under a BENEDICT, or the like! To-night DE LA GRANGE sings in *Linda di Chamounix*; on Friday in "Norma," and on Saturday we are to have "William Tell" with Morelli, (it is said to be a great part of his) in the title rôle. And this according to present announcement closes the season; whether a few benefit nights are to be added I cannot say, but there is time before they appear at the Boston theatre.

Last night we had our annual oratorio performance, for to this are we at last reduced. Two vocal societies struggle on, and their life is certified to occasionally by a semi-public performance of some kind, but "The Messiah" is only aired during the holidays, and other oratorios not at all. The usual Christmas Concerts were given yesterday at various churches.

At Grace church the printed programme included some fine compositions. A *Gloria* by Mr KING, their former organist, and an *Aria* by the late Signor TORRENTE. (sung by Mrs. BODSTEIN); the whole under the direction of Mr. MORGAN. At St. Stephens's, (Catholic) Mozart's Twelfth Mass was performed with Mr. King at the organ, and at the Church of the Nativity, in Second Avenue, Signor BADIALL appeared "for this occasion only." Rev. Mr. BELLOW's new church in Fourth Avenue, which, from its alternate white and red is generally known as that of the "Holy Zebra", was dedicated yesterday, with appropriate ceremonies. Could this edifice have stood in an open square, it would make a most imposing appearance, in spite of the various colored marble columns which disfigure the vestibule.

A very fine organ has recently been erected by Mr. GEORGE JARDINE of this city (Mr. WILLIAM MASON presides at it) for Dr. ALEXANDER's Presbyterian church. It is a powerful, rich and varied toned instrument of 42 stops, is placed behind the pulpit, and is in many respects the best organ I have heard in America. There is a new stop (from the organ in La Madeleine, Paris,) the "Vox Cœlestis," which is exceedingly effective, producing the effect of a choir or orchestra at a distance, the sound seeming to come from the eaves of the building. It mourns and weeps almost, and is really delicious. Come and hear it, in a week or two, when the organist, in connection with Mr. Morgan and others, will exhibit its powers.

PLANCHE's Fairy, burlesque extravaganza, "King Charming," has been produced for the holidays at the Broadway Theatre. The scenery, decorations, illuminations are unparalleled, and the text of the play, with added local hits, is exceedingly good. Not the least amusing part is the bringing together of melodies of all kinds; Scotch and Irish, Ethiopian and English ballads, the great trio from "Norma," and the popular tenor aria from *Rigoletto* are well dove-tailed in an amusing plot, following an AUBER overture. An Amazon drill and exercise of some eighty speared, helmeted and shielded ballet girls was well done and effective. Miss MANNERS as the heroine, and Mad. PONISI and Miss DUCKWORTH sang very well, but the other parts were poorly filled. Mrs. H. C. WATSON as "King Charming," indulged in some very false intonations and remarkable descents from the pitch; in several of her songs, even in the easy one from *Rigoletto*, she quite distances the orchestra, and ended a half tone to a tone below the point at which she commenced.

MILAMO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 29, 1855.

Handel's "Messiah" at Christmas.

On Sunday evening the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY performed the "Messiah" before such a crowd of listeners as were scarcely ever before packed within the Music Hall. The day itself had been beautiful beyond any of the rare and rosy winter days in our remembrance; the earth smelt sweet of Spring; it seemed a day borrowed from some better, purer planet; one almost fancied that the dates were wrong and that day was Christmas; you met cheerful faces everywhere. This, after such a succession of stormy, dismal Sundays, added to the Christmas association of the music, the attractions of the hall, and the suspicion which had got about that this old and powerful society were about to do their best,

drew such numbers that the hall was packed in every corner a good half hour before the commencement; many (even ladies) stood up in the aisles, counting themselves happy to get in at all, and hundreds were turned away at the doors. This looked like good old times again.

The performance (so far as we could judge from a seat far under the end gallery, where musical sounds reach the ear with great distinctness, only not so loud as elsewhere) was an uncommonly effective one in the main. The chorus seats were unusually full and most of the choruses well rendered. Occasionally there was a little confusion, in the entrance of so many voices, some of which had not partaken in the rehearsals. Nor were the soprani and contralti on so generous a scale as the tenors and especially the basses, which rolled out in glorious masses. A little strengthening of the contralti, particularly, would have made the ensemble in some of those grand choruses about perfect. Yet in the semi-chorus, commencing with the high voices: *Lift up your heads, O ye gates*, the sound was exceedingly rich and euphonious. The omissions were comparatively few; the *Hallelujah* was sung in the true place, and the magnificent, but very difficult concluding choruses: *Worthy is the Lamb*, and *Amen*, were given, not undisturbed by that old nuisance of people going out in the midst of it. These were not made quite so effective, perhaps, as they have sometimes been. Among the omissions we regretted to find the chorus: *And with his stripes*; but some abridgment, at least for an audience so closely packed, was indispensable.

We did not care to listen very critically, for why should we lose the real Christmas enjoyment and edification of that sublime and soul-satisfying music, by watching like a monitor for small defects. Listening to such music, all the personalities become impersonal; it is HANDEL that we hear, or rather the voice of something greater, something infinite that speaks through him. If there were defects, which we have forgotten, or did not notice, it is certain that they were not enough to prevent its being on the whole an eminently impressive and enjoyable performance. One who gave himself up to it, heart and soul, simply and devoutly, might feel he had his Christmas then and there, if he had nothing more.

Yet while we thank Handel, and the society who bears his name, we must not withhold a few words of acknowledgement from those who co-operated in the main so ably to make the grand old melodies alive again. The solo-singing averaged better than in most performances of past years, and some of it was very superior. Mr. MILLARD even surprised us by the pure and simple style in which he rendered: *Comfort ye, my people*. There was no marring of the text by ornaments, and the voice was clear and fresh and full of glad announcement. If he had not all the depth of sentiment for *Thy rebuke*, or all the strength for, *Thou shalt dash them*, his rendering was so good, that we would not willingly have missed them. We know of no one here who would have given the first so well, except Mr. ARTHURSON, who would lack power for the second. We were glad to feel at home in the time of *Comfort ye*, which is sometimes taken too fast; so also in the following chorus.

Mr. LEACH gave an artistic rendering of *Thus saith the Lord*, and the other bass solos, and made

them as impressive as could be demanded of a voice by no means ponderous. Give us style, give us good reading, rather than the most splendid organ without sentiment or culture.

This was the third time within a fortnight that we had heard Miss PHILLIPPS in *O, thou that tellest* and *He was despised*, and never have we felt the sentiment and beauty of the melodies brought home to us more powerfully. She sang the latter piece with even more depth of feeling, more finished and yet chaste expression than in the Tremont Temple; and her rich, full, musical contralto, even in the larger hall, and from our remote corner underneath the gallery, told most satisfactorily. The beautiful duet: *O Death! where is thy sting*, which has almost always been omitted here, was finely sung by her and Mr. Millard. It was in compliance with the very natural desire of many, that she sang the great soprano song: *I know that my Redeemer liveth*. It was transposed half a tone, from E to E flat, to accommodate her voice—making it the true pitch of Handel's time, if it be true, as is generally supposed, that the concert pitch has risen half a tone since then. Miss Phillipps surprised us by the beauty and impressiveness of her singing of this most difficult of all songs to sing truly. Bating one little accidental blemish, of flattening on a sustained note, it was very successfully achieved, more so perhaps than by any singer we have heard of late years, only and always excepting JENNY LIND, who still remains and we fear always will remain to us the one interpreter of that great song of faith.

It was a good idea to return to the old arrangement of dividing the two texts to the same melody, only on different keys: *He shall feed his flocks*, and *Come unto him*, between two contrasted voices, like those of Miss PHILLIPPS and Mrs. WENTWORTH. The latter lady sang with all her characteristic truth and finished sweetness of expression.

The orchestra (would that it had been large in proportion to the audience!) was quite satisfactory, and played the overture and pastoral symphony, as well as most of the accompaniments finely. We think that with a powerful orchestra, we would rather not hear the organ, especially in the solo pieces; but Mr. MUELLER made it quite effective sometimes, and gave a fine opening voluntary to raise and tranquilize the spirits of the uncomfortably crowded audience, and prepare for the great things that were coming. Mr. ZERRAHN as conductor won the respect and gratitude of all.

CONCERTS.

THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.—In spite of the dreary rain, the Music Hall last Saturday evening showed an increase of audience. This was partly owing, no doubt, to attractions in the solo line, but partly also to the at once excellent and popular main features of the programme, and to the conviction, naturally gaining ground with time, of the intrinsic claims of such an orchestra and of such concerts. In the performance it proved the most successful of the three. We heard no complaints and saw no signs of uneasiness. From first to last it was heartily enjoyed by all, and went far to refute the notion that a whole evening of good music must needs be "heavy." Where will you find lighter, brighter, more refreshing fancies than in the Scherzo of

the *Pastorale*, and the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream"? Must soul, imagination, genius be excluded, in order that a piece of music may be light and entertaining? Do not Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Mendelssohn know how to play with children quite as well as your mere manufacturers of waltz and polka? or to feed the sentimental flame of young love, with as delicate a sympathy, as any of the thousand and one composers of ballads and operatic cavatinas and romanzas?

The "Pastoral Symphony" we think we never enjoyed so much before, many delicious hours as we have had with it. And we do not believe that it ever found so general an appreciation in a Boston audience. It was admirably played; there was nice light and shade and atmosphere to the changing picture throughout; all was clear in outline, and the colors richly, softly blended. It realized "the picturesque" in music as perfectly as we have ever known it; while there was no sacrifice to mere outward effect of that something deeper and more essential to the soul of music, as an art of expression rather than description,—that subjective feeling with which a BEETHOVEN communes with the soul of nature and of summer. As the symphony approached its close, a sigh mingled with our pleasure, as there does when summer days are numbered; we felt in the one as in the other how *short* this little episode of free and genial life in the long weary year of wintry common-place. The *Pastorale* is too well known to need description; those who want it may refer to this Journal for July 17, 1852, where our first impressions are somewhat carefully sketched out. If there was any fault in the rendering this time, it was that the first movement was taken a little too fast,—a little quicker than the pulse of a mild, luxurious June day,—and that there was a slight dragging in the commencement of the Adagio, or "Scene by the Brook-side," which otherwise was charmingly played. The storm was done with remarkable life and precision.

CHERUBINI's overture to *Medea* was more coldly received, than it deserved, and the fault was not in the playing. To us it is one of the finest of overtures, full of fire and passion in the opening, with a leading theme that reminds one of Beethoven's *Coriolan*, though it is by no means a work to be compared to that for intense, concentrated, vitally imaginative power. It develops in a more cheerful and triumphant vein. To the mere ear, the composition is singularly clear, rich, euphonious and entire; and we are sure that it would improve upon acquaintance. But what it lacked in interest to the many was more than made up for by the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, which has not been heard in our concert rooms for some time, and whose delicious, dreamy, fairy fancies, and triumphal swelling climaxes had a fresh charm and held every one an eager listener to the end. It made a capital finale.

Mr. WILLIAM MASON's pianism had never before exhibited itself to so great advantage in his Boston home, as this night in the *Concert-stick* of WEBER. His rendering of it we have not heard equalled, many times as it has been played, by any except JAEHL. Mr. MASON has greatly gained in self-possession, as in strength and evenness of execution, since we heard him last. He accomplishes the greatest difficulties

with the rarest facility; his touch is singularly crisp and clear; his rapid running passages smooth and perfect, his *pianissimos* delicate and pure, and his *crescendos* admirably effective. In seeking expression he perhaps sometimes falls a little too much into the *ad libitum* in time, so that the understanding is not quite perfect with the orchestra. But it was a very effective performance and elicited a strong encore, to which he responded by an elegant and lightly sparkling little Impromptu of his own, in which he showed a masterly perfection in liquid continuous runs and arpeggios; there was exquisite symmetry and light and shade throughout; and the finely subdued forces gathered and swelled to a splendid climax in that full-chord *fortissimo*.

The vocalist of the evening, Miss LOUISE HENSLER, was a *debutante* so far as singing in the large concert-room with orchestra was concerned. Youth and beauty, and naive, simple charm of manner were enough to captivate an audience, almost without the voice, which, though not a great voice, is a soprano of rare freshness, purity, and penetrating sweetness. It has a fascinating individuality of *timbre*, which cannot be described; not a voice suggesting capacity for very deep passion, or spiritual, imaginative sentiment; and a little French withal; but the expression of a bird-like, sunny, happy nature—a genuine individuality, from which it is pleasant to catch the pretty gleams of musical sunshine. Miss Hensler has talent, and under the excellent teaching of Sig. CORELLI has learned to execute some of the most brilliant and difficult concert-pieces in a style that gives promise of an artist. She sang the romanza from *Il Giuramento* in good pure *cantabile* style, with good expression, and the effect was charming; also, when encored, a melody from BELLINI, of higher range, more brilliant. Her best effects are produced by sustained high tones, of much sweetness and purity, which are swelled and diminished beautifully. A ripper singer, ripper nature is required to do full justice to a song like *Batti, batti*. Without much entering into the poetic sentiment of it, she sang it sweetly and gracefully, and with a degree of arch vivacity in the allegro; but the melodic phrases lacked the refined coquetry of a BOSIO, or a SONTAG, as for instance especially in that playful repetition of *Si, si, si, si*. The slow melody was a little dragging in its time. Nor were the delicious Mozart accompaniments made as clear and delicate as they might have been. On the whole, for so young a singer, this debut of the younger Hensler was a triumph, which we trust will only prompt to renewed and earnest study.

WILLIAM MASON's SOIREE. — We regretted to meet so small an audience in Chickering's Saloon, on Wednesday evening. Any other night, we doubt not, the room would have been filled; but it was the night after Christmas feasting and fatigues, and an inclement, icy night at that, with all its savage splendor, as well as fairy spectacle (of trees clad in ice and shining in the moonlight). The young pianist was assisted in the string department by the MENDLSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. This was the programme:

1. Quartet in B Flat, No. 6, op. 18.—1. Allegro. 2. Adagio. 3. Scherzo. 4. Finale; La malinconia, Adagio and Allegro. L. van Beethoven.
2. A. Fantasia Impromptu. Œuvre posthume. F. Chopin.
3. Preludes, Op. 24. Stephen Heller.
4. Andante and Finale from the Fifth Quintet in E Flat. Mozart.
4. A. 'Toujours,' Valse de Salon, Wm. Mason.
- B. 'Silver Spring,' Impromptu, }

5. Grand Trio, in B major, opus 8: for Piano-forte, Violin and Violoncello.—1. Allegro moderato. 2. Scherzo. 3. Adagio. 4. Allegro agitato. J. Brahms.

That Beethoven Quartet is one of the prime favorites of past seasons, and was refreshing to hear again. The slow movements were beautifully played, but the strings were not perfectly in tune in the Allegro. The movements from Mozart's Quintet were entirely satisfactory, and such a model of clear, pure, consistent, genial composition, was not perhaps the best thing to prepare one to admire the grand novelty of the evening, the Trio by JOHANNES BRAHMS. This is said to be the production of a young man of fifteen, who has since composed a great deal in various forms, being not yet out of his *teens*, exciting much wonderment in the lovers of new things in Germany, especially since ROBERT SCHUMANN wrote of him as "the Messiah of a new era in music,"—verily a merciless introduction to the world for any young man, placing him on the very highest pinnacle of a false position to begin life with—certainly a poor position for a young plant to begin to grow in. The Trio was wonderfully well played (and it abounds in difficulties) by Mr. MASON and the brothers FRIES, but we must confess that we received no clear impression of it as an artistic whole. That it has some strange and powerful effects, some ingenious combinations, remarkable for a mere boy, is undeniable. It seemed very enterprising, very adventurous, very self-confident, full of bold graspings after ideas, but we were never satisfied that the ideas really *were* ideas. The movements preserve the ordinary forms, while in substance they are nearly all episodic. Thus the Allegro opens with a quite regular theme (rather commonplace, by the way), and is then followed by long *recitatives*, first on the piano, then in the strings, and all this is repeated over from the beginning, as in Sonatas generally. But *recitative*, mere episode, which only interests in the way of quasi extempore, chance suggestion, is a strange thing to repeat. Then there is a curious, wayward sort of *fugato* in the same movement, which rather puzzles than satisfies the listener. The Scherzo is more after the type of the great writers, and the Trio moves in swelling chords, as if to remind one of Beethoven's B flat Trio. But we found nothing new or very beautiful in it. The Adagio was not uninteresting, and the Finale full of abrupt starts and changes, which sometimes excited hopes, but oftener disappointed and ended in weariness. We felt as if we had been pointed and pulled first this way and then that way, where something great was to be seen, until we actually saw nothing. Brahms is still "future" to our humble comprehension.

Mr. MASON's salon pieces were capital. The *Impromptu* by CHOPIN (one of the three or four really fine things of the posthumous works just published) is extremely beautiful and full of invention, and was admirably played. The two little Preludes by HELLER have the characteristic elegance and poesy of that master and received full justice. Of the two original pieces one was a Waltz, in the delicate and florid manner of Chopin, quite graceful, and the other the same Impromptu that the author played at the Orchestral Concert, but which was more appreciable in a small room. It is a very pleasing fancy piece, made fascinating by the perfect ease, freedom and finished grace with which it was executed. It certainly was as a whole a very pleasant concert, and we hope Mr. Mason will have more audience when he plays to us again.

MANNERS IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.—The following paragraphs from the *Courier* are very much to the point. Why "gentlemen" and "ladies" should forget the rights of others, while listening to music, more than anywhere else, was always past our comprehension.

A SUGGESTION.—We propose to the directors of the Orchestral Society that, at their next concert, the lower Music Hall be lighted and prepared for the accommodation of those persons who attend for the only percepti-

ble purpose of disturbing others whose inclination is to enjoy the performance, but who are effectually prevented by these concert-going curs in the musical manger, who will neither hear themselves nor permit their neighbors to do so. We would as soon encounter a hornet's nest during a summer's ramble as to tarry, for an instant, in the vicinity of these pests of the concert room, for, even if the annoyance is but temporary, the irritation it produces is felt throughout the evening, and unfits the mind for any subsequent enjoyment. At the concert on Saturday evening it was our bad fortune to select a place where the members of this clique had congregated in great numbers. Such goings on! The symptoms first began to show themselves during the performance of the William Tell overture, when a young fame-seeker displayed his æsthetic knowledge, endeavoring to regulate the time of the orchestra to suit his own conception, by such a hammering as is seldom heard outside a smith's shop. Before he had been frowned down, an elderly gentleman in front commenced to deliver a discourse of some ten minutes duration, to the effect that—"Zerrahn was fair, but not at all equal to Jullien; oh! no, indeed, for Jullien was a great composer, you know." Not long after, a young gentleman, a "Vintonian," let us call him, the title is very suggestive,—a young Vintonian, then, with a considerable quantity of cane, and a disposition to make a noise with it, entertained those in his neighborhood. He added his silver-headed wand to the orchestral force, excepting when he failed to catch the time, as for instance, in the Don Juan finale, where three movements are played together, and then he varied his performance by a recitative duet with a young Vintonienne before him, in a pink bonnet and a lively state of mind. Surely Mozart's divine music never accompanied such words before. We would gladly transcribe their conversation, but we feel that no pen could do justice to those inspired sentences.

Now, were we the only sufferers, the matter should not have been mentioned; but it is undeniable that, by this common evil, many persons are deprived of the pleasure they seek in a concert. We don't suppose that a paragraph will do much towards abating the nuisance, but if the parties alluded to will only recognize themselves, and profit by the hint, we are sure that at the next concert they attend there will be much less misery.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Concerts still thicken upon us here at home. This evening there will be played at Chickering's choice works of Chamber Music, mingled with brilliant virtuosos pieces, by the "German Trio" (Messrs. GARTNER, JUNGNIKKEL & HAUSE,) assisted by other well-known artists. See programme below.... Tomorrow the "Messiah" at the Music Hall again, by the same performers as last Sunday.... On Thursday evening (for special reasons), the next Mendelssohn Quintette Club concert, when that fine Schubert Trio will be repeated, with other good things.... OTTO DRESEL's first concert is now fixed for Jan. 9th. The programme, of which we hinted last week, is deferred to a later concert, and an equally interesting one substituted, with the aid of Mrs. WENTWORTH, the Quintette Club, and two good pianists besides Mr. Dresel, who will play with him a triple Concerto by BACH.

The Italian Opera (now at the New York Academy) will open at the Boston Theatre on the 21st of January.... This week, every night, at that theatre it has been worth the while of any one, to see the splendid scenic illustrations of Shakespeare's "Tempest," a spectacle, in beauty, brilliancy and fitness, surpassing all we have ever seen in any of our theatres. Regarding the acting as something merely thrown in, (and it has had some clever points; besides, was it not a great thing to get the true text of Shakespeare?) as a mere spectacle it pleasingly recalled the exquisite imaginations of "The Tempest."

Handel's "Messiah" was performed on Monday evening by the Lynn Musical Association, under the direction of Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD of this city.... In Worcester, Mr. B. D. ALLEN has given another of his soirées. The programme included a Sonata by Mozart, for four hands; Songs without Words, by Mendelssohn; a March by Schubert; an Impromptu and Waltz, by Chopin; and for vocal pieces, the Ave Maria of Cherubini, the "Wanderer," by Schubert, and selections from 'St. Paul.'

Not a few of our readers will be pleased to hear of the great success of Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN,

as prima donna at Amsterdam. She left New York in August, with her brother, in a sailing vessel, and after a long passage arrived in Amsterdam, where it seems there is an excellent German Opera, and was at once engaged by the manager to sing at short notice in the rôles of Donna Anna in *Don Juan*, Agatha in *Der Freyschütz*, and Valentine in the *Huguenots*. This was in October, and in all three characters she created an immense *furor*. It appears that Miss Lehmann's real power came out, sustained as she was by artists in all the other parts, and where operas are cast and put upon the stage with true German artistic thoroughness. On the 1st Nov. she appeared as Romeo to the Giulietta of another excellent singer and actress, Mme. von MARRA, producing such enthusiasm that the piece was played three times to crowded houses. This first engagement of a month was succeeded by the offer of another for eight months, but she decided to engage for only half that time, during which she was to appear as Indra (in Flotow's last piece), as La Favorita, Lucrezia Borgia, Fidelio, Fides (in the *Prophète*), Eglantine (in *Euryanthe*), Melanie (in *Le Bal masqué*), Norma, and Alice (in *Robert le Diable*.) We understand her voice and singing have greatly improved since she left America.

MARIO is at the Italian Opera, Paris. M. ADAM says of him: "Mario does not trouble himself about singing. He seems to say to the spectators: 'You are very lucky that you are allowed to pay your money for entering the theatre when my name is on the bills; I am willing to seem to *chantonner* a little that you may judge what I am capable of doing if I choose to take the trouble; but do not ask me to do more.'" Another reporter says, he "cuts down" too shamefully. In "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" he skipped half his cavatina, *Ecco ridere in cielo!* The prompter screamed in vain, *E puoi dormi così!* Mario was deaf, and sang imperturbably, *Lo stral che mi feri*.

In the musical season everybody is eager to give concerts; the result is that the necessary patronage for just enough of really good concerts is diverted, and most of the concert-givers lose in the great lottery. We are reminded of our own case here in Boston by seeing the following in a newspaper letter from abroad:

"As a warning to all foreign musicians, the 'Fire-Engine' of Berlin, publishes a list of eighty-six concerts already announced as to be given, and adds that the list does not include various series of concerts annually given by societies at that capital."

Advertisements.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Meeting of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will be held at the Revere House, on Monday evening, January 14th, 1856. Business meeting at 7 o'clock. Supper will be served at 9.

HENRY WARE, Sec'y.

THE GERMAN TRIO,

CARL GARTNER, CARL HAUSE and H. JUNGNIKKEL, Respectfully inform their Subscribers, and the Musical Public of Boston, that their

FIRST CONCERT

Of the series of Six, will take place

On SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 29, 1855,

AT THE Rooms of Messrs. Chickering, Masonic Temple,

ASSISTED BY Messrs. WM. SCHULTZE, C. EICHLER, and AMATEURS

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Quartet in B flat,.....Haydn.
Vivace assai - Adagio - Minuetto Allegretto - Finale,
Allegro con spirito.

By Messrs. GARTNER and SCHULTZE, (violins,) EICHLER, (viola,) and JUNGNIKKEL, (violinello.)

PART II.

2. Song,.....Amateurs.
3. Grand Duo Concertante, for Piano and Violin, on themes from M. Lafont,.....Fr. Lieht.
4. Song,.....Amateurs.
5. Grand Duo for Violin and Violoncello, from the opera 'Les Huguenots,'.....H. Viextemps & F. Servais.

PART III.

6. Trio, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello,.....J. Brahms.
Allegro con moto - Scherzo - Adagio ma non troppo.
Finale, Allegro molto agitato.

The Concert will begin precisely at half past 7. Single tickets \$1 each. Packages of Six tickets, which may be used at pleasure, \$4.
The Second Concert will take place on Saturday evening, January 12th, 1856.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

SIXTH CONCERT OF THE SERIES.

Many persons having been disappointed in obtaining admission to the Music Hall at the first performance of

THE MESSIAH,

by this Society, it will be repeated on

Sunday Evening, Dec. 30th.

AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

Assisted, as on the previous occasion, by

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH.

Mrs. GEORGINA R. LEACH.

Mr. HARRISON MILLARD.

Mr. STEPHEN W. LEACH.

CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor,.....F. F. MUELLER, Organist.

Miss Phillips will again sing the Air—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Tickets of the series numbered 4, 5 and 6, only will admit to this Concert.

Members of the Choir and Orchestra are requested to be in attendance at 6½ o'clock.

Tickets at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Music Stores and Hotels, and of the Secretary, No. 1 Joy's Building.

Doors open at 6; to commence at 7 o'clock.

H. L. HAZELTON, Secretary.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Seventh Series.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club's

FOURTH CONCERT

Will take place on THURSDAY EVENING, Jan. 31, 1856, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, assisted by Mr. C. C. PERKINS.

A new Piano Quartet by Mr. Perkins, will be played:—Schubert's D minor Posthumous Quartet,—Mozart's Clarinet Quintet,—Violoncello Solo, and part of an Onslow Quintet, etc.

Ⓛ Packages of Eight Tickets, (used at pleasure,) \$5. Single tickets \$1 each. Concert will commence at 7½ precisely.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The Concert takes place on THURSDAY, instead of Wednesday, as previously announced.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

Mr. & Mrs. GARRETT'S Second Concert of the series of Three, will take place at Ives Hall, South Boston, on TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 8th, 1856, on which occasion they will be assisted by the GERMANIA SERENADE BAND. Miss JENNY TWICHELL, Miss HELEN HOLLES, Mr. WM. H. SCHULTZE, and Mr. FRANK HOWARD.

Package of Three tickets, \$1. Single tickets 50 cts. Omnibuses pass the hall every five minutes, and will be at the door after the performance.

OTTO DRESEL'S SOIRÉES.

THE First Musical Soirée will take place on WEDNESDAY Evening, the 9th of January, at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. Mr. Dresel will be assisted by Mrs. WENTWORTH, the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, and other artists. The programme will include a Concerto by BACH for three pianos, (first time,) SCHUMANN's Quintet (with piano), piano solos, songs, &c.

Subscription tickets for the series of Four Soirées, \$3. Single tickets \$1, at the music stores and at the door.

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